AN AMERICAN'S GREAT FEAT

With a Guide Who Attended Whymper in the First Ascent.

The Legends of the Great Mountain Whymper's Eight Fatlures and His Ninth Successful Attempt to Climb It-Seven Men Catned the Summit, but Only Three Returned Alive - Preparing for the Ascent-A Night in the "Cabane". The Terrible "Shoulder"-The Summit and the View Therefrom-The Bescent Easter on the Muscles but Harder on the Nerves than the Ascent of the Mountain,

Eight times Edward Whymper strove to asnd the Matterborn, and eight times he failed. The ninth time be succeeded. That was on July 14, 1865. But the cost of success was appalling In the little Zermatt churchyard last summer saw the graves of three of the victime; the mountain crags never surrendered the bones of

Until Mr. Whymper's successful ascent no foot, except perhaps an eagle's, had ever pressed the proud head of that incomparable mountain The best and bravest guides in the Aips had in vain essayed to win it. Switzerland was pitted against Italy in the strife to be first at the summit. But no experience taught sufficient skill and no courage was complete enough to achieve victory over the giant. Prof. Tyndall, whose summer playground was Switzerland, had more than once made the attempt, but, recoiling from the menace of the final precipice had at last given it up.

According to the traditions handed down

smong the hardy inhabitants of the surrounding valleys, the great Alp was not only inacces sible to man, but was guarded by demons jealous of its virginity. On wild winter nights, when the wind roared in the gorges of the Visp and the ground trembled with the thunder of avalanches, the mountains waging war upon the valleys, stories were told of a strange city perched upon the topiess crags of the awful Matterhorn, whose spires and battlements could be seen red in the rising sun, grim black at sun-set, and gleaming like silver when the moon hung full above the peak. The faith of those who believed these things was not shaken by the assertion of less imaginative observers that the city was only the pinnacles of the mountain transfigured by the magic of light and shadow.

It is not surprising that the Matterhorn was believed to be insurmountable, and that legends clustered about it. The many thousands of travellers who have gazed with astonishment at its towering form from Zermatt, the Gorner grat, the Riffel, Breuil, the Val Tournanche, and other surrounding points will readily tes tify to the incredible appearance which it presents. It is a mountain from dreamland! Even while looking at it one cannot comprehend Nature's trick in equilibrium when she set it aloft with its feet buried in glaciers and its head soaring amidst the blue. It looks as though it had been conceived in a nightmare and uplifted in some mysterious age when "negative gravity" was the law of the earth-a maniac of mountains, savage, threatening, terrible, and

Ten thousand feet that wonderful peak towers above the high green meadows of Zermatt and 14,800 feet above sea level, and in every foo of its stature there is a defiance; defiance to gravitation to pull it down-but gravitation will do it in the end-defiance to vegetation to cast a ahred of covering over its gaunt shoulders, deflance to man and the mountain goat to scale its precipices; yet the former has accepted the nd won, though the latter is too wisely prudent to attempt the impossible.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN. I shall not undertake to retell here the story of the first ascent of the Matterborn; I merely wish to recall the circumstances of the dreadful accident that attended it, the most tragic in the force of its appeal to the imagination that the annals of mountaineering contain. The party consisted of seven men-Edward Whymper, then already well known as an Alpine climber: the Rev. Charles Hudson, vicar of Skillington Kent, a celebrated amsteur mountaineer; Lord Francis Douglas, who was not without considerable experience in mountain work: Douglas Robert Hadow, a young undergraduate of Cambridge University, whose greatest feat of mountaineering hitherto had been the ascent of Mont Blanc, a tiresome but not a difficult undertaking; Michael Croz, one of the best guides of his day; Peter Taugwalder, also an experienced guide, and young Peter Tangwalder, then comparatively new to his profession.

On attempting to descend, after enjoying their well-won triumph on the summit, and when they had arrived at a point just above the brink of the awful precipice that falls threequarters of a mile down to the cradle of the Matterhorn glacier, Mr. Hadow, it seems, lost his nerve. Croz, the guide, was below him cutting steps, and then taking hold of Mr. Hadow's feet in order to set them, one by one, into their proper places. All seven were tied together rope, and those above—the last one being Mr. Whymper, who was about 100 feet behind Croz-were waiting for the leaders to descend step or two before moving down themselves As Croz turned, after placing Mr. Hadow in poattion, the latter slipped and knocked Croz from his foothold. The jerk on the rope instantly dragged the Rev. Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas from their places. Croz in falling uttared a warning cry, and Mr. Whymper and the two Tangwalders gripped such projections of the rocks as were within their reach, and braced themselves for the shock. The rope being taut between them, the strain came upon the three together and they held fast, but the rope broke in midair, between the elder Taugwalder and

Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds," says Mr. Whymper, "we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipies on to the Matterhorn gletscher below. adistance of nearly 4,000 feet in height!"

The survivors, appalled by what they had be held, remained for half an hour motioniess and alinging to the face of the mountain. guides, Mr. Whymper says, were unnerved and afraid to descend further. Finally they cautiously moved downward, fixing ropes to the rocks to aid them, but for two hours they were in continual peril of death. Several times, Mr. Whymper says, "old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs and said, with terrible

The bodies of Croz, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow were found on the Matterhorn glacier, but that of Lord Francis Douglas remained newhere among the precipices above.

Peter Taugwalder (the young Peter of Mr. Whymper's narrative, but now himself an elderly man, and with the exception of Mr. Whymper the only remaining survivor of the famous catastrophe) pointed out to me the place where, twenty-nine years ago, the fatal slip had occur red, while we clung to the same grim brow of the mountain on the 6th of August last.

A CEREMONIOUS GETTING BRADY TO CLIMB THE MATTERBORN.

Entering the office I found Mr. Oesch, the secretary, who at once took an interest in my project. He laid it before Mr. Seller, and the latter, leaving his breakfast, came to cross-ex-amine me. He began by asking if I had had much experience in the high Alps. I replied no, but I had spent a night on the top of Pike's Peak, in America, which was almost as lofty as the Matterhorn. I did not add that I had rid. den up Pike's Peak in a railroad car, and that people ascend it every day on mule back. If I had told him that perhaps I should not have climbed the Matterhorn. But it was not with any intent to deceive him that I withheld the information, for I supposed that he only wished to know whether I could endure the effects of

the rare atmosphere at great elevations. Still be demurred and advised me to try some less difficult peaks first, and so approach by de grees the attempt on the Matterhorn. But I insisted that I had no time to wait to be trained; healden the air had just cleared after two or three days of rain in the valleys and snow upor the mountains, and the opportunity of good weather should not be thrown away. But where is your outfit?" he said, looking

at my tourist's dress. "I have none," I replied, "but I will procure whatever may be needed. By the way, I have a pair of shoes which I bought at Kandersteg to walk over the Gemmi in."

"Let me see them, please." I had thought that they were rather stou shoes-certainly they were heavy enough, and the nails with which the soles and heels were studded looked quite formidable to a novice.

But Mr. Seiler frowned when he saw them. "Too weak in the shank," he said, bending the soles. "You must have shoes that will not yield when you place your toe upon a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice. Besides, these nails are worthless; good enough for the Gem mi, but dangerous on the Matterhorn.

I began to wonder what sort of spikes I should be compelled to wear on my feet. So far, perhaps, I had in my secret mind treated the mat ter rather too lightly. But now Mr. Seiler' manner impressed me with the gravity of the undertaking. His younger brother, together



THE MATTERBORN.

with the guide who accompanied him, had been killed on the Matterhorn just a year before. Finally, while I was debating how I should be able to buy the right kind of shoes on a Sunday. Mr. Oesch came to the rescue by informing m that he knew a shoemaker who would put suit able nails in the shoes I had, and adding that in asmuch as I was rather light in person those Seiler assented to this arrangement, and promsed to pick out my guides for me, and to see that I was furnished with a carefully selected ice axe. When the shoes were returned from the shoemaker's I was considerably surprised to find that the new nails were no longer than those that had been removed to make room for them, but they were broader and square-headed Mr. Oesch explained that they were hand made from soft iron, and possessed the property of getting a hold on bare rock as well as of inlenting ice. Besides, they were not brittle.

"It would never do to go without them."he remarked. "You will find many places where a good nail may save your life, and a poor one would throw your !!fe away." I asked myself if that could be so. Less than

twenty-four hours later I discovered that he had spoken the literal truth. The beauty of the morning was perfect. The peaks on its brim stood out against the bright

little vailey was a cup of sunshine. The white blue sky in silhouettes of snow. I strolled along the narrow, stony street to the old church where worshippers were thronging in, and the sound of solemn music stealing out floated sweet upon the quiet air. Conspicuous among the tombof the churchys granite cross bearing the name of Michel Croz, erected to his memory, as the inscription recorded, by his fellow guides and cantonmen of



PETER TANGWALDER

Valais. On the opposite side of the church, in a sunny nook of the eastern wail, I found the tombs of the Rev. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Hadow Near them, side by side, are buried three other victime of the precipices. Across from the Mont Cervin Hotel, on a grassy knoll surrounded with a garden of Alpine plants, stands the Eng lish church, and ranged along its west wall is a third row of tombs commemorating other ad venturers who aspired to scale those heights and passed instead the precipice of eternity.

MAKING A START.

Returning to the hotel I found my guides ready to depart, and was delighted on learning that Peter Taugwalder was to be the leader. The other guide was Emil Graven, a stout young nountaineer of growing reputation. ed off at once for the hotel on the Schwartzsee highland, where I was to procure provisions for the party and woollen stockings and mittens for myself. On our arrival there the guides provided themselves each with a bundle of fagota, for at the cabane on the Hörnli, where we proposed to pass the night, we should be far above the line of vegetation and well within that of perpetual anow, and fire would be indispensa-The Hornli is a kind of projecting foot of the Matterhorn. From it a shattered ridge runs down toward Zermatt, dividing two deep valleys choked with ice, The calcane, erected by the Alpine Club on the upper extremity of the Hörnli ridge, is constructed of alabs of stone and stands amid snow on the verge of a precipitous slope. Its elevation is about 10,800 feet above sea level. It is furnished with

was unrolled, and the middle of it was tied around my waist. Each of the guides then atself to one of the ends, Taugwalder before and Graven behind me. I don't how a criminal led to execution feels, but I know

how I felt when this proceeding was finished. There was as yet no indication of coming day. The heavens were cloudless, and the Matterhorn, rising athwart the Milky Way, seemed to hang in the sky, blotting out the stars. Picking up a lantern, Taugwalder led the way around corner of the stone but and out upon an alm evel stretch of snow, from which our feet awoke a low musical humming in the tense frosty air. Almost before I was aware of it we



THE ABANDONED BUT.

were treading on the edge of a precipice which cemed in the darkness of abysemal depth. while the crusted snow that curled over its brink frequently broke under our weight. The first time this thing happened the impression fiashed across my mind that I was dropping through a snow roof projecting from the precipice like the caves of a house. However, there was no use in shrinking away from the verge for the snowfield was up-tilted in such a man ner that on the opposite side it ran steeply down into a gulf of black obscurity.

ON THE PACE OF A CLIFF, CLINGING TO CRAGE Presently we turned to the left, quitted the now, and in a moment were out on the face of a cliff, clinging to crags and ledges with the upper edge of a glacier dimly visible far beneath us. I had been in a rather jaunty mood heretofore, but this experience sobered my mind in an instant. We worked our way diagonally across the cliff until we reached a higher part of the glacier that rose to our level, and then stepped out upon the ice. Here for the first time I heard the ring of an ice axe, cutting steps. It was like the first shot of the enemy to the ear of the new recruit. This portion of the glacier was steep and smooth, and the lamplight occasionally revealed a huge crack, or one of those round holes called moulins, into which a person falling would disappear as in a well. For a considerable distance we ascended on the back of the glacier, but presently the mountain became too steep for the ice to get a grip upon it, and then we took to the crags again, now climbing directly upward, now working to the right or left around vertical places.

My inexperience made the rope a source of

onsiderable perplexity to me, for it was con-



UP OR DOWN? hands were fully employed above. The In crawling sideways on the front of a precipice it was sometimes necessary, while hanging on with fingers and toes, to crouch in order to save one's head from knocking against projections above. At such times I found the rope particularly troublesome, although it would have afforded my only chance for life if I had fallen. But after an hour or two I acquired a little skill

in managing it. Climbing in such places by the dim and uncertain light of a lantern was also somewhat trying, and I was glad when, at last, a gray dawn broke upon the rocks, and Taugwalder blew out his lantern and placed it in a crevice to be picked up on our return. Now, at least, one could see what was below and above him.

THE HARDEST CLIMB STILL TO COME. When day began we were high up on the eastern face of the mountain, that which is seen from Zermatt, the Ruffel, and the Gornergrat. But the hardest work was yet before us. Glancing up at the peak I saw it shining in the morning sun, and apparently as far away and inac cessible as the gilded apex of a thunder cloud. The immense ridge, or arete, the continuation of the Hörnli, that runs down like a great wall between the Furggen glacier on one side and the Matterhorn glacier on the other, was an amazing sight. It is crowned with impossible-looking turrets which, at first glance, seemed actually to be hanging over our heads a thousand feet above. It was hard to persuade one's self that they were not about to fall headlong and



ABOVE THE SHOULDER.

ruin. Yet I knew that that ferocious ridge, hacked and split and wrenched into fantastic and terrifying shapes, would presently become

out of breath, let vold space yawn round your eet, and recollect that it is only the friction of your fingers against the projecting rocks beside you and above your head that retains you where you are, and you will find that a very entertaining metaphysical element has entered into the problem of how to keep the centre of

gravity within the base. Where is the worst place?" I inquired several times. "Not yet, not yet," was the reply: "the

Shoulder is the worst."

THE FEARFUL "SHOULDED." Every visitor to Zermatt will remember see ing a curious knob near the middle of the upper part of the Matterhorn, which appears to project from the side of the mountain, being dark underneath and white with snow on top. The guides call this the "Shoulder." It is a fearful spot. We approached it by ascending a steep slope of snow resting upon ice which, in turn, lay upon rock that seemed too smooth to hold it. Having clambered upon the end of the Shoulder overhanging the tremendous precipice seen from Zermatt, we were compelled to turn to the left, for ahead of us everything dropped out of sight. This manœuvre brought us upon something that can only describe as a great knife edge of the mountain, rising sheer out of precipitous depths and connecting the arcte we had just quitted with the main mass of the upper part of the peak. This marvellous ridge, which is also a portion of the Shoulder, is composed of broken rock, cemented with ice, and tipped with scallops of snow as translucent as porcelain and eautifully moulded by the wind. The rock on the top was in some places but a few inches wide, and the hard snow capping it ran to a sharp edge, and had frequently to be broken off in order to make room for the hands and feet. ometimes on my feet, sometimes on hands and knees, and sometimes astride I got across.

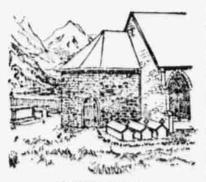
THE WORST OF ALL THE PRECIPICES. But when we had attained the further end of the ridge our situation was not improved. We had come up against the face of the worst of all



A TICKLISH CORNER.

the precipices, that which runs like a corone nd the very brow of the mountain. Here the rock had very few projections upon it, nothing that could be called ledges, and to the eye glancing upward it seemed impossible that anybody could climb upon so smooth a wall, and one moreover, which glistened in many places with a covering of thin, transparent ice. Yet climb it we did. The fingers, the toes, the knees, the elbows, needed no separate urgings to work to gether for the common safety, but all instinctively found indentations, rugosities, cracks, and frictional surfaces to which they could, more or less effectively, cling. I had before, in less trying places, learned to pull off my woollen mittena with my teeth, preferring, when every movement might involve the question of life of death, to trust the superior gripping power of the bars fingers. The startled ear heard frequently the jingling of loosened ice beginning a downward journey of which it would not do to think. It would have been just as well, perhaps, not to know that the all-swallowing abyss, which I rather felt than saw, was getting more and more squarely beneath us, as, sloping toward the right-we slowly crept upward-was the 4,000-toot horror, over whose brink Michel Croz and his doomed companions had vanished from the living world. And when at length we reached a place of comparative security it was not possible to avoid a momentary reflection on the fact that we must go down where we had come up! If one were compelled to do such a thing against his will it would seem like the infliction of the cruellest torture. The Matterhorn can teach more self-mastery in a day than the ordinary mortal acquires in a life time. Fortunately there was little time for meditation. No sooner was one breathless scramble finished than another determined effort had to be put forth. And still the far-off summit rode the sky like a cloud.

Soon after leaving the Shoulder we began to find, here and there, pieces of rope about as large as a clothesline dangling from the rocks above. They were blackened by the weather.



GRAVES OF VICTIMS.

rock and put most of the weight there. In one or two instances small chains took the place of ropes, and these, though covered with rust, oked safer; but I am inclined to think that it would be better if they were all away. stiffened with ice, and frayed by the switchings of tempests, so that their appearance was uninviting. I was warned not to bear too strongly upon them, but always to keep a grip on the THE PERIL OF PALLING ROCKS.

One of the perils of the Matterborn come from falling rocks. Starting high aloft, they can find no stopping place. Their first touch is like the crack of a gun; the second is an explosion! In great parabolic curves they leap and soar until they burst into shivers. There is nowhere so magnificent an object lesson in the law of gravitation as that presented by these falling stones of the Matterhorn. Above the Shoulder we came upon one of the most perilous localities falling rocks, and hurried over yet none fell while we were there. More than once, when completely out of breath with the unaccustomed exertions I had put forth, I begged for a moment's respite to recover my wind, the guides would not allow a pause, saying that a shower of stones might assail us at any instant. There is no question that they were right; yet, as a matter of fact, no stone fell near us during the entire ascent and the subsequent descent. Indeed, I do not remember that among all the victims of the Matterhorn a single one has been killed by a falling rock. But a guide once had his haversack cut in two by a flying stone that just missed his shoulder, and several climbers have been injured by such missile

Materianous.

I had arrived in Zermatt on Saturday night, I had arrived in Zermatt on Saturday night, Age. 5. Early on Stunday morning, as I came from the breakfast room of the Mont Cervin, I meet the condicrage of the hotel and said to him. "I am going to climb the Materianous where the condicrage of the hotel and said to him." I am going to climb the Materianous where the short of the morning the shall look for guides?" See shall look for guides? See shall look for

how near we were to the end I suddenly heard Taugwalder shout, "The top!" "Yes, monsieur, the top!" called out Graven behind me.

I took three steps another step would have sent me whirling 6,000 feet down into Italy! THE SUMMIT AND A LOOK ABOUT.

Although the summit of the Matterborn gradually changes in shape, partly through disintegration of the schistose rock, but mainly in consequence of variations in the amount of snow resting upon it, it has always been described by those who have seen it since Mr. Whymper's first visit as a narrow ledge between 300 and 400 feet in length and in some places not wide enough to stand upon. That was also its ap-prarance as I saw it. At the highest point a omb of rock projected through the snow, and I knocked off a piece and put it in my pocket.

The view ranged over the whole of Switze land (except, of course, that some of the surrounding mountains hid one another as well as the valleys between them) and over northern italy as far as the Apennines. The snowy dome of Mont Blanc rose high above all the peaks in the west. The nearer Alps. Monte Rosa, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Breithorn, the Rothhorn, the Rimpfischhorn, gleamed in the sunshine, and great glaciers were spread out like floors on the east, the north, and the west. Zermatt was visible far, far below on the Swiss side, but Breuil, at the Italian foot, was under a cloud. Most of the plain of Lombardy was also buried in mist, and a very remarkable spectacle was produced by the pouring of white clouds from Italy over the mountain wall joining the base of the Matterhorn with the Theodulhorn. Thousands of feet beneath us these billowy clouds rose from the Val Tournanche, surmounted the lofty wall, and then tumbled in a cataract down into Switzerland. Swirling and tossing they swept a short distance across the Furggen and Theodul glaciers and then, in midair, vanished. There was no cessation in the advance from the Italian side, no thinning out of the clouds behind, yet beyond a certain line they could not go, could not even exist, but on reaching it melted instantly into nothingness.

THE DESCENT. A wind that would hardly have been noticed

below proved disagreeable here, and we re-mained but a short time on the summit. Even the most experienced guide cannot enter lightly upod a descent from the Matterborn, and for a beginner the mere idea of going down some of the places we had come up was a thing to be banished from the mind as quickly as possible It was to be done, but it was not to be thought upon in advance of the doing. The cheerfulness of the situation was not enhanced for me by the fact that during the latter half of the climb I had been suffering from "mountain sickness," brought on by the combined effects of strong tea, rare air, and exhausting muscular labor. It is as hard an ill to bear as seasickness, but luckily it does not affect the head-at least it did not in my case. If it had done so I should have been unable to proceed, for on the Matterhorn vertigo is entirely inadmissible. If you cannot stand unmoved with your toes over the margin of a precipice, you have no business there. I wonder what would be the fate of a person who should become helplessly ill on the top of that mountain. There is no shelter and no means of shelter on the snowy and windy ridge, and one who had not command of all his faculties could by no possibility descend from it. Some years ago a guide, seized with sickness at the hut on the Italian side, nearly 2,000 feet below the summit. was left alone by his comrades while they went down after help. When the rescuers arrived the man was dead. A subsequent writer declared that the sick man had been condemned to death by the mere act of leaving him there But, in any case he could hardly have been taken down alive, although he was below all the most difficult places.

Carefully treading once more the snow-topped ridge we began the descent. Its worst feature nmediately became manifest; the eyes could no longer avoid the vacuity that gaped beneath us. Taugwalder, in virtue of his greater experience, now assumed the last place, where he could lend the most effective aid if a slip occurred; I remained in the middle and Graven led. Constant vigflance was the price of life Theoretically, and I believe practically as well, the rope by which one is fastened to his guides is an assurance of comparative safety for all three; yet there were many points where I could not help wondering whether if I should slip Taugwalder, man of iron though he was, would not come tumbling after me, and where I was morally certain that if one of the others fell I should go along with him into the depths. Fortunately there was no test case; I did not make a misstep or a slip at any critical point. In the most dangerous places only one person moved at a time. The leading guide went on until he could get a good grip on the rocks, or a safe hold with his ice-axe. Then I followed and took his place, white he pushed on to another holding, and then the last man joined me, and it became my turn to move again. FEELING WITH THE TOES FOR INVISIBLE LEDGES

It was with a peculiar sensation that one approached the verge of a precipice and, turning on his face, began to let himself down backward, feeling with his toes for ledges that he could not see, and that might not exceed a fraction of an inch in width, but to which he must intrust as much of his weight as his fingers, clutching similar projections above, were unable to sun port, while, with one leg dangling, he reached down for another precarious foothold. And whenever he glanced between his body and the rock to see what his feet were about he caught a thrilling glimpse of precipice below precipice and crag under crag, whose plaything he would become if his head dizzied, his eyes swam, or his muscles refused instantly to perform their whole duty. Such are some of the joys of the Matterhorn! I do not say it mockingly; I am giving a record of psychological impressions and these things, like any mastering of huma weakness, are a joy in recollection. Burke proved that terror is a source of the sublime, and ublimity is certainly a source of joy.

The work of descent was not as exhausting to the physical forces as that of ascent, but it was even a heavier tax on the nerves and it required an equal expenditure of time. We had been about seven hours in climbing from the cubane to the summit, a distance but little exceeding a mile in an air line, and we were as long in getting back to the cabane again. The guides, of course, could have made the round trip much quicker, perhaps in half the time, but not being trained in such work I required frequent stops to recover my breath, as well as to struggle with the nausea which did not leave me when we got to the top, but accompanied me down to the Schwartzsee Hotel, where it finally yielded to a good night's sleep. I would not, however, convey the impression that the guides, if unaccompanied, would be in any degree careless, although they might travel more rapidly. There are no more careful men in the world. They consider the consequences of every step before they take it, for they know better than anybody else that their lives depend upon their caution. GOING DOWN BACKWARD ON ALL FOURS.

On the ice slope, covered with anow just below the Shoulder, we went down backward on all fours, thus distributing our weight as widely as possible, in order to prevent the loose snow, now softened by the sun, from starting in an avalanche, which would have carried us to inevitable destruction. When we reached the glacier above the cabane, which had witnessed the beginning of our adventures before day light, it was not without deep interest that I saw its surface dotted with fragments of rock that had fallen during our absence, some of which had ploughed and gouged the ice right in our track. When we passed before sunrise the cliffs above were hard frozen. Later the

the peak and seemed to be brandished over witzerland. It required but little imagination to picture a mighty angel standing there to guard the paradise of snow against the intrusion of mortal footsteps from the lower world, and could readily understand how such meteorologi cal wonders as this must have been potent in producing those early traditions which proclaimed the Matterhorn a sacred mountai whose secrets were forbidden to man.

When we reached the Schwartzsee the magnificent mountain had rolled a cloudy turban about its head, and an Englishman, with his guides, whom we met on their way to the caleine, returned the next forenoon reporting that upon ascending to a point below the Shoulder they had been driven back by hail." When I sgain saw the sun shining on the peak its terrific precipices had their brows encircled with chaplets of new-fallen snow.

DOES A CLIMB UP THE MATTERBORN PAT? I have been asked twenty times if the view rom the top of the Matterhorn repays one for the effort expended in climbing it. No, it does ot. But, then, it is not for the view that one climbs the Matterhorn. Some of my friends appear to think that I had an idea of establish ing an observatory on the top of the mountain. An observatory would be useless if it could be placed there. The atmosphere of the Alps is not the kind of air the astronomer is in search of. I had no ulterfor purpose whatever. Do you not know that there are some things which are worth doing for their own sake? GARRETT P. SERVISS.

CARNATIONS. Large and Unusually Beautiful this Seaso

The Green Variety Out of Favor. That vulgarly artificial blossom, the green arnation, is seldom seen nowadays. The dark red carnation, too, is less abundant than for merly. The carnations of this autumn are no distinguished by odd extremes of color. They are, however, large and unusually beautiful. Shades of pink and white with delicate pink markings are abundant, and the latter are among the most beautiful yet produced. There is a notion abroad that it does not become wellto-do persons to send carnations as presents because they are cheap, and florists constantly seek new and more beautiful varieties to tempt the rich. The green carnation was doomed to a short reign from the first because it was unnatural, but a few favorite varieties have a permanent place in the affections of flowe lovers, and the flower has been popular in Europe from time immemorial. More than 400 varieties were in cultivation two centuries ago, and in Germany and Italy the carnation is the

most important flower of the nurseryman. The finest carnations come from Germany, where the culture of these flowers has been carried to the highest point. All the favorite varieties come from the clove, pink, or wild carnation. The first of these names is applied to the flower because of its characteristic spicy odor. Because of the peculiar development of the blos som it is chiefly fertilized with the aid of insects, and on this account great care is necessary to prevent the mixing of varieties that grow in the open air. The carnation was one of the plants that Darwin experimented with when be was studying cross fertilization, and his table of results and account of experiments are remarkably interesting. Florists who grow carnations for the New

York market sow the seeds from March to May.

and transplant them twice for autumn flowering. Others are sown in early autumn. The finest varieties are potted and kept in moderately warm houses, though the perennial may be left in the ground to sprout from the root year after year, and flower in summer. The florists have classified carnations after a fashion, somewhat like the famous classification of tulips. There are flakes, bizarres, and picotees. The flakes have two colors in large stripes extending longitudinally through the petals. The bizarres have at least three colors in regular spots or stripes. The picotees have a white ground, edged or pricked with scarlet, red, purple, or some other color usual in the carnation. The beautiful white carnation, lined with pink, so popular this season, is a picotee. Florists may multiply individuals of a favorite variety by cutting, by laying down, and by division of the root. These methods assure the preservation of the blossom exactly like that of the parent plant. Seedling carnations tend to revert to the pale purple type of the wild progenitor, though the variations are many.

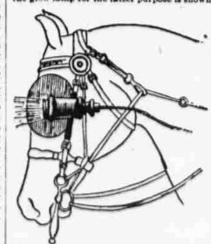
Herb doctors finclude the carnation in their list of simples, and it appears in the materia medica of some countries. Certain varieties used to be used as an ague cure. The Germans steeped it in alcohol for this purpose, and the old English name, wine-sop, for a variety of carnation, is supposed by some to have reference to a like custom, though just as probably it refers to the color of the blossom. An old writer affirms that the carnation is of small value in medicine, but it is "good to put into vinegar to make it of pleasant taste and gallant color."

The carnation as soid in New York varies greatly in price, though it is seldom or never high relatively to many flowers less beloved and beautiful. The reds and pinks are usually the cheapest, and the former are perhaps the favorite with the thousands of girls who go each morning to shops and factories for their day's work. It is the cheapest flower they can wear, not only because with intelligent carea single blockers. ly warm houses, though the perennial may be left in the ground to sprout from the root year

It is the cheapest flower they can wear, not only because it can be had at the rate of two or three or even four blossoms for five cents, but also because with intelligent care a single blossom can be made to last the better part of a week. The pink or red carnation that burns on the dress of a working girl as she hastens to the shop or the factory has perhaps floated in water all night or been thrust into a moist potato. She has, in all probability, left its mate at home in the potato or a glass of water and will next day wear it instead of the one now on duty. Alternating the blossoms in this way she makes her five cents' worth of carnations last through the week. As likely as not she bought them of a dealer who had them in turn at second hand, after they had graced the window of an up-town florist for at least twelve hours. So remarkable is the flower's vitality that after enduring all day the foul air of the factory it freshens up in water overnight, and looks the next day as though it had not been plucked more than an hour. The girl who buys a potted carnation for 35 cents can have the double delight of the blooming plant in her room and a blossom to wear from day to day. In this way the weekly cost of this little decoration is reduced to almost nothing, as the well-tended plant will blossom for many weeks. because it can be had at the rate of two or three

Electric Light on a Horse's Blinders.

From Industries and Iron. In Berlin the use of glow lamps attached to vehicles and the horses drawing them is now so common as to excite no remark. An adaptation of the glow lamp for the latter purpose is shown in



the cut herewith. The lamp is enclosed in a silvered reflector, and is fed from a small battery of accumulators carried on the vehicle.

Of Interest to Miss S. S. S.

I'ven the Amening Journal. He was young and debonair, and wore a pink hirt and a well-bred air, and was seen about he docks looking for an old saitor. "Any sid altor will do," he remarked confidentially to a six man, who abstracted his confidence and the bject of his quest in the same breath, "becaused if swar is to have some tattoo marks taken out of my arm."

out of my arm.

When the tugman informed him that those India ink punctures would stick closer to him than a blood relation, and would be on his arm when his death certificate was fited, the masher

EMOTIONS UNDER CONTROL

MEN WHOSE FACES GIFE NO TRACE OF GAINS OR LOSSES

The Turf a Good Piner to Study than-acter Mr Crober and Mr. Reene Watch. ing Their Colin Bunning Head and Head, The power to restrain all appearances of emoion, to mask the feelings, and give no indication of what is passing in the mind, is not given to every man. No better opportunity is afforded for studying the variableness of the human character than on the race track, where so many conflicting emotions are encountered. It takes a man beyond the ordinary in many respects to maintain a stolid indifference, or at any rate a semblance of stolldity, when horses are fighting their way to the wire and thousands, and at times tens of thousands of

dollars, are in the balance. The average specu-

lator who is content with a wager of \$25 or so

usually gives voice to lusty shouts when his money is won, or encourages the rider of his

horse while the battle is being fought; but it is a singular fact that the greatest plungers of the torf rarely give any expression to their feelings either during or at the conclusion of a contest.

Michael F. Dwyer, George E. Smith, and Riley Grannan are all alike in this respect. Whether the faculty is cultivated, or whether if is characteristic of the men, is not known, but to is a fact that has been commented upon many times. Those who know M. F. Dwyer intimately claim that they can tell whether he has won or lost after each race. While the race is under way there is no indication whether the horse which bears his money has a chance of success, the muscles of the face looking like iron, so fixed and rigid are they, and when the race is over and those about him are shouting their loudest there is to the ordinary observer no change in his appearance. Those who claim to have mastered his secret say that if he has won there will be no sign of publication or exhibara-tion, but if he has lost and the wager has been a large one the blood will slowly mount into his neck and the lower portions of his face until the veins stand out prominently. He rarely if ever complains, and nine times out of ten can explain why his horse was beaten, and he turns, almost before the winner's number has been hoisted, to give his betting commissioner orders about how the money is to be placed on the race which follows. It must be at a cost of much mental

nervous systems. Pittsburgh Phil and Riley Grannan are much alike. Both are pale, almost sallow in complexion, and they have no trick of color by which their friends can read the story of their losses or their gains. Both can sit in the grand stand and watch a contest from start to finish without a comment, and it is only after the race has been decided and the excitement on all sides has subsided that they may remark in a casual, matter-of-fact tone:

strain that M. F. Dwyer keeps his emotions in

check, and men who relieve themselves by

lusty shouts when they win or vigorous kicks

when they lose claim that they do less injury to

their health than by walling up their feelings,

and confining the battle to their brains and

"Well, I win \$8,000 on that, and I thought the money was gone half way down the stretch. What did he win by? A nose, I guess. It was mighty close." It was an ordinary thing last season when Pittsburgh Phil was playing in bad form for him to lose as much as \$50,000 a week, but he has won as much as \$75,000 in a single race, and he would discuss the happenings of either occasion with the utmost sang froid. Grannan and Smith have been termed because of this faculty, but they are anything but cold in their contact with men outside of the race track, their generosity being monumental,

Richard Croker and James R. Keene gave an excellent illustration of their temperament at the Gravesend meeting of the Brooklyn Jockey Club last spring. Mr. Keene is an energetic man, a bundle of nerves, strung to the highest tension by years of experience in the maeistrom of Wallstreet. Mr. Croker is taciturn and phlegmatic, rarely speaks, and never becomes enthusiastic over anything. There was in 1893 a great deal of rivalry petween Dobbins, Mr. Croker's good two-year-old, and the Keene representative. Domino, easily the king-pin of the year so far as earnings went, and the fact that the pair had run a famous dead heat for \$10,000 was an indication that the rivalry would be carried into their three-year-old form in 1804. Mr. Keene had a smart colt in 1893 called Hornpipe that Dobbins could vanquish. Before Domino appeared last spring Hornpipe met Dobbins in a stake, and as Hortpipe had been tried with Domino it was only natural to expect that a race between Hornpipe and Dobbins would give a good line on Domino and Dobbins. While the race was being run Messrs. Keene and Croker were near the finishing line. It was a solendid race all through the final furlong, and Taral and Simms were doing their most artistic work. Mr. Keene was jumping up and down excitedly shouting "Hornpipe! Hornpipe! Hornpipe! Hornpipe! Hornpipe! Hornpipe! and looking at least twenty years younger, while not a dozen feet away from him, his jaws set, his eyes looking straight ahead, and his haeds clasped behind his back, was Mr. Croker, as motionless as the Sphinx.

"That was a good race, Keene," was his comment as the judges hung up Hornpipe's number. Mr. Keene shook hands with the owner of Dobbins, his blue eyes dancing and sparkling with pleasure. Club last spring. Mr. Keene is an energetic

Mr. Keene shook hands with the owner of Dobbins, his blue eyes dancing and sparkling with pleasure.

James Rowe, in the days when he trained horses and used to bet on anything he sent to the front, could hold his own with most of the "rooters" or shouters of the turf. He had able assistants in Andrew Jackson Joyner, who now trains for the Bienton Stable, and in Davy Johnson, the bookmaker. The old selling stand as Monmouth Park was their eyrle when they had a bet down, and when the horses were half a mile from home they wold let out a yell that could be heard a mile or so away, and this was kept up until the horses had passed the wire. Frank McCabe tells how Rowe treated a man who was shouting for Crickmore the day that horse beat Hindoo. It was in the infield at Sheepshead Bay, and the man, who evidently had a bet on the Marylander, was shouting "Go oa, Crickmore; we've got that great cracks alsek at last."

Just then Rowe reached for him, and the shouter thought of nothing but escape.

Billy Gaston and Jack McDonald are sturdy rooters, and the latter's "Go on, you, Willie!" is familiar to racepoers. Gaston outdid himself at Morris Park when Ramapo won the Metropolitan Handicap last spring. Taral rode Ramapo, and when the horses were half way down the hill Gaston began his ovation. He addressed his remarks to Taral, and the fact that Taral was many hundred yards away and in the excitement of a race made the address none the less impassioned. Shaking his fist at the jocksy, Gaston shouted:

"You call yourself a rider, Taral? Show them

ment of a race made the address none the less impassioned. Shaking his fist at the jockey, Gaston shouted:

"You call yourself a rider, Taral? Show them you can ride. That's the way, Freddy; show them you can ride." Those about the young plunger got more enjoyment out of his antics than they did out of the finish, for Ramspo won cleverly.

Jack Bennett bets a thousand or two to a race, and relieves his feedings by a shout or two when the finish is close, and his friend Valentine Milev likesto leta warwhoop shiver the air when the battle is bottest. Billy Thompson, Tom Harmon, and "Husky" can rival the siren whisiles of any triumvirate of New York's fireboats, and are the most picturesque and effective of the genus that the East can produce.

A Church-going Thomas Cat.

A Church-goise Thomas Cat.

From the Chicago Buily Tribune.

Jack is the name of a Maltese cat of the Sir Thomas variety, whose home is in the little town of Misin, a sort of suburn to the city of Ann Arbor, Mich. Jack's penchant is going to church every Sunday. He is a good Presbyterian, and turns up his aristocratic Thomas nose if any of the family tries to tempt thin into any other than the Presbyterian Church.

Jack's church-going procivities date from a period about three years ago. His inference started to charch one Sunday morning, and not until she was at the door of the ciline did she observe that Jack was trotting along at her heels. It was late, and the organ was pealing out the first hymn of the service, so to turn back was out of the question.

"Will you be a good boy, Jack, if I take you in church with mer" and Jack nodied his head as though he understood.

He was paked up and concealed under his mixtress's clock and carried into the church and deposited on a seat in the pew. There he sat quietly and demurely throughout the entire service, purrous to himself in a perfectly happy and contoured manner and as if he enjoyed the notein of church and manner and as if he enjoyed the notein of the manner and as if he enjoyed the notein of the mistress over, Jack was again hidden away under his mistress a wrap and carried out of church, and no one knew that he had been present.

Long before the hour for going to church and his inistress, brushing against her skirts and herrius he left the houre to go to church Jack was held in the here, and her unit here had not not the strike and herrius he left the houre to go to church Jack when he held here here and her in the here here, and her in the Smitts and herrius he left the houre to go to church Jack washed himself, linked his feet in a more than usually careful manner, and strutted around his inistress, brushing against her skirts and herrius he here here, and her her son her to go to church Jack of lowed at her here, and her her here here.

When she left the house to go to church Jack. When she left the house to go to church Jack followed at her he is, and, as on the Sanday is force, he was carried to his place in the test inder the presenting using of his mistress cape. From tests categorial the treasn day for the mistress cape. From tests categorial the constitution of he servery Sunday, has gare to thurch and take his accordanced place to the taming pew. Not does he have to be carried in any fluors. He was allow has say regular attendant, jumps into his sear, and sattles himself down in a randorfaction has eyes wheely when the pastor makes a his together the sermon out binks in the eyes wheely when the pastor makes a his